$1.50 Year

DECEMBER, 1943

The Liberalist

PUBLISHED BY THE PEOPLES CHURCH OF CHICAGO

War Christmas

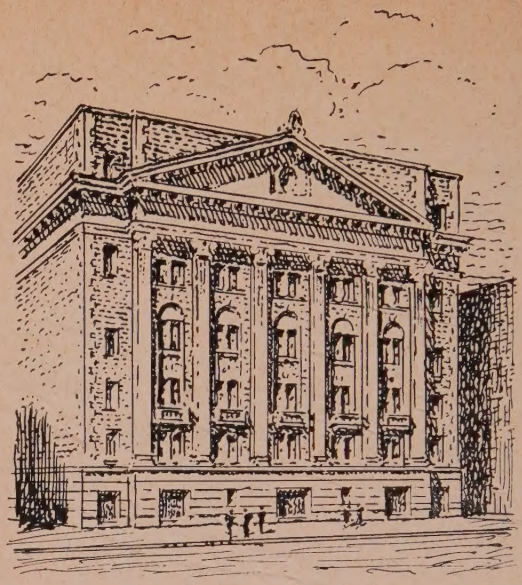
A Sky—a Light—a Star—
A Babe on manger hay.
Three Wise Men traveling from afar,
(Where are the "wise" today?)

A Song—a Flight—a Word—
Of Peace unto all men,
That Bethlehem's humble shepherds heard.
(Will angels sing again?)

A Fear—a Hate—a War—
Sweet country-sides defied;
White sepulchers on ocean's floor.
(Stay near us, Holy Child!)

A Faith—a Hope—a Prayer—
Pale star-flowers in the grass.
A lasting calm for man and beast.
(God! Let it come to pass!)

—Francesca Falk Miller.



THE PEOPLES CHURCH OF CHICAGO

Lawrence Ave. at Sheridan Road

This Church was founded July 7, 1912, as a liberal independent church. It united with the American Unitarian Association, Western Unitarian Conference and National Federation of Religious Liberals in 1923. Property purchased for new building 1924. Ground broken June 14, 1925. Corner stone laid November 15, 1925. Church dedicated October 10, 1926. Preston Bradley has been the Pastor from the beginning of the Church.

Declaration of Principles

"The purpose of the church is to deal in plain terms with the supreme things in human life as measured by the rational conclusions of science and history. It seeks to promote a conception of nature, history and the meaning of life in accordance with the facts of experience and with the progress of growing knowledge. It is essentially religious, not in the traditional but in the scientific and ethical sense of the word. It regards religion as spiritual energy directing itself toward the enrichment of the individual life and the perfection of the social order. This church assumes the right of every one to think his or her own thoughts, and expects the greatest progress to follow from entire intellectual liberty and perfect freedom of judgment. It welcomes to its membership all who wish to co-operate in making a world which shall be enlightened by knowledge, guided by reason and animated by good-will."

The Liberalist

PRESTON BRADLEY, Editor
GRACE THAYER BRADLEY, Associate Editor

Vol. XX **December, 1943** *Number 9*

Greetings at Christmas

Once again it is Christmas—the time when a new spirit flames up in every heart. Even though it may have been nearly a dying ember, a feeling of friendship and love begins to glow. In many lands at this Christmastide, no Christ spirit dare show itself, no candles be alight in windows or carols sung outside the doors. Great cities in those lands of war and turmoil crouch in the darkness of "blackout," fearing what even the light of a candle might bring!

Our own boys are in far-away lands, our homes are broken up and many hearts are saddened and broken with the tragedy of war. Yet in America the Yule Log still burns. The gladsome sight of Christmas trees, with twinkling lights and sparkling trinkets will send out their message of cheer from the windows of the humble as well as the rich!

We wish we might see and greet personally all the readers of the Liberalist, all the members of our church and all the radio friends and all our boys in foreign lands and in camps everywhere —but of course that is impossible; so we send out upon the air across the miles and to our next door neighbor—to our friends near and far—our earnest prayer and sincere wish that you may have strength for every duty, wisdom for every problem, help in every trial, comfort in every sorrow, joy in everything you do!

Keep the Christmas spirit aglow—do not let it die with Christmas night! May it dwell in your hearts and homes and abide with you all through the day of the New Year!

Your friends,

THE EDITORS.

OUR CHRISTMAS PRAYER

Oh, God, Father of nations and of men, in the quiet of this holy eve, and from the heart of our great city, we lift our voices in prayer that across the miles of earth and sea and sky Thou wilt send Thy blessings, Thy protection, Thy care upon all the brave men in all the far-flung outposts of our blessed nation.

May they know tonight how much they are missed at home and may we dedicate and consecrate all that we are and have, that their efforts and sacrifices shall not be in vain.

Give them strength and courage to face every danger; protect them and sustain them with the mighty power of Thy love; and when they return to us triumphant and victorious, may we be worthy of them by what we have done to sustain and strengthen their righteous cause.

May that day speedily dawn which will see the righteousness for which the United Nations of the World are now in the throes of war spread over the whole world; and the peoples of every creed and faith and race worship and live together without fear and without hate.

All of this we ask in the name and in the spirit of Bethlehem's Babe, who became the Prince of Peace. May He rule forever in His Kingdom of Love.

Amen.

(At 7:55 on Christmas Eve, 1942, all of State Street was darkened—store and street lights put out—while for one minute, over the loud-speakers in the loop, Dr. Bradley, at the request of the State Street Council, gave the above prayer for our service men.)

The Christmas Season

IN THE

Peoples Church

Friday Night, December 17th, 7:30 O'clock

JUNIOR CHURCH CHRISTMAS PARTY

A fine program—A visit from Santa Claus—
A present for every child

Sunday Morning, December 19th, 9:30 O'clock

JUNIOR CHURCH SUNDAY SERVICE

Sunday Morning, December 19th, 11:00 O'clock

DR. BRADLEY'S CHRISTMAS SUNDAY SERMON
SUBJECT: "STARS NEVER GO OUT"

Sunday Evening, December 19th, 7:30 O'clock

ANNUAL CANDLE LIGHT SERVICE AND CHRISTMAS PLAY

Candle Light Service by Children of the Junior Church and Sunday School

Christmas Play—"THE CHRISTMAS WINDOW"
By The Uptown Players, directed by J. Bradley-Griffin

Monday Evening, December 20th, 8:00 O'clock

Tuesday Evening, December 21st, 8:00 O'clock

Candle Light Service and Christmas Play to be repeated both nights

Wednesday Evening, December 22nd, 8:00 O'clock Sharp

LECTURE-RECITAL BY DR. BRADLEY—CHARLES DICKENS' "CHRISTMAS CAROL"

Christmas Morning, Saturday, December 25th, 11:00 to 12:00

ANNUAL CHRISTMAS DAY SERVICE
DR. BRADLEY'S SUBJECT: "THERE'S ROOM FOR HIM NOW"

New Year's Eve, Friday Night, December 31st, 11:00 O'clock Until Midnight

ANNUAL WATCH NIGHT SERVICE

THE PEOPLES CHURCH

Lawrence Avenue at Sheridan Road

* * * * *

SUNDAY MORNING SERVICE
11:00 o'clock—Broadcast by WJJD

SUNDAY EVENING SERVICE
7:30 o'clock—Not Broadcast

* * *

JUNIOR CHURCH
9:30 to 12:30 o'clock—Children of all ages

* * *

WEDNESDAY EVENING BOOK LECTURES
8:00 o'clock sharp—All seats free

BOOKS FOR DECEMBER

DEC. 1—"SEE WHAT I MEAN?".....Lewis Browne
DEC. 8—"LIBERAL EDUCATION"....Mark Van Doren
DEC. 15—"JOURNEY IN THE DARK"....Martin Flavin
DEC. 22—Lecture-Recital "CHRISTMAS CAROL".....
.....Charles Dickens
DEC. 29—"NONE BUT THE LONELY HEART".....
.....Richard Llewellyn

* * *

HEAR DR. BRADLEY'S BROADCASTS

WGN—6:00 P.M.—MONDAY THROUGH FRIDAY

(Each Wednesday a Book Review)
(Each Friday a Question Box)

WJJD—11:00 TO 12:30—EVERY SUNDAY MORNING

Dr. Preston Bradley's $10,000.00 Sermon

"WHO IS DELINQUENT—THE CHILD OR SOCIETY?" SERMON BY DR. PRESTON BRADLEY, PASTOR OF THE PEOPLES CHURCH OF CHICAGO

October 24, 1943

WE ARE in the most fundamental demonstration of man's animistic tendencies; man's most elemental attitude in the universe is to get what he wants by force. It starts with a little baby at home in his cradle over his rattlebox. Whether it is a little child in the home of affluence and culture, refinement and wealth, or whether it is an underprivileged child impoverished by malnutrition, he will put his little fingers around that rattlebox that you might be wanting to take away from him and he will reach out and hold it and evidence a basic force necessary to get it, and it does not matter in what war, on what stage of world history it occurred, whether man used a club, or whether he shot, as the early Greeks and Romans did, great big boulders over the wall with some sort of a mechanical contraption, which was the forerunner of the modern mortar and the gun; it does not matter what stage civilization is in, war is an elemental manifestation of basic animism, the basic quality to settle problems by force. That always produces by-products, and it is one of those by-products with which we are concerned.

There are many by-products of war, with which every student and observer of human society is familiar. I am not concerned this morning in discussing with you any other by-product except the reaction upon a certain age group in our society.

The only aspect of the problem of the by-product of war which I want to talk with you about is its effects on that group in our social life who feel they are so mature and adolescent that they are not children and do not want to play children's games, do not want to be treated as children, or spoken to as children, but are not old enough to assume the responsibilities of early manhood or womanhood. Too old to be children; too young to be men. You see them on every street corner, you will see their exuberance, their vitality, their energy, their spirit, everywhere. Without exception they are all exhibitionists. Do you suppose these lads would wear one pant leg turned up about the knee and the other down at the ankle if they were not exhibitionists? Do you suppose they would come out intermittently in costumes that reflect, in the accuracy of perfect costuming, their own inner emotional chaos? That is what these youngsters of that age are doing in all that they do; they are indicating their own inner emotional chaos, and it is within that group that crime and moral delinquency have increased since the war nearly 80 per cent., on the unimpeachable statement of that distinguished and wholly authenticated man by his own experience, Mr. Hoover, of the Federal Bureau of Investigation. The FBI has assembled a startling array of facts, experiences and circumstances which show that this particular age group, which is our concern and our only concern this morning, is a by-product of the psychosis which always settles down upon society when that society is at war.

There is nothing new about this. I have lived through three wars, and there has not been one of those wars that has not seen the same problem

arise. Nothing unique about it at all. But there are certain things that in the increasing adulthood of society, perhaps, we can do about it. Do you know the most dangerous moment in the life of your boy? I have been talking at Teachers' Institutes all week; I have spoken to over 2,000 teachers in the State of Illinois this week, who are in the classrooms and dealing with this age group, and I asked them the other day: "What is the most dangerous moment in the life of a boy, the *most* dangerous?" Well, the responses were very interesting but there was not one of them right. I know how most moralists and most adults deal with that problem. Their first reaction is: "Something ought to be done with them; they ought to have some more St. Charles'es; they ought to have more courts, more laws; they ought to inflict more punishment; we ought to do this, and that." Well, that is perfectly natural, except for the fact that the people we ought to do it to are the *adults* and not that age-group, for we are the ones who need the education, and of course, ninety-nine out of every hundred persons in the congregation this morning do not like that, and do not believe it, and because they do not believe it it is good for them.

I, personally, don't believe there are any juvenile delinquents. Right away, somebody sends me from up over there in the balcony the thought, "Well, what is the matter with Doctor this morning, he has just lost his good sense." No, there are no juvenile delinquents; there are only delinquent parents, a delinquent society, delinquent churches, delinquent movies, delinquent funnies, delinquent teachers. Many people who, by the gift of God, have been given the great privilege of being parents, the greatest privilege that can be conferred upon an individual it seems to me . . . I have been denied it, and there are many who have never known that joy, but it does not seem to me there is any greater happiness in the world for a man or woman than to fondle a little child and know that child is life of their life, blood of their blood: that must be unutterable joy. That is the very purpose of creation, it is biological, when two people, so divinely enthralled in the ecstasy of creativeness, are privileged to add to the lifestream of the world—that is beautiful!

And yet, we produce a society which permits children to be born of cardiac mothers and syphilitic fathers; which permits children to be raised amidst ignorance, illiteracy and poverty, congestion and poor housing; where rats run through the bedrooms of the children, where there is stench, mire, filth and slime; and where, when you examine their parents, you know that their children will fill St. Charles and graduate into Pontiac, and then into Stateville; and you think the *children* are all to blame? What a great advance it was in the State of Illinois when we required a medical examination for a marriage license, and how even that was fought by a great many people who opposed it and said, "It is taking away personal liberty!" as though any man or woman had any kind of right to pollute the blood stream of the race! Nobody, rich or poor, has that right, and every child who is born has a right to be born well, and there are no illegitimate children, only illegitimate parents. And there never should be a curse given against a little, innocent child for what society has done and what people ought never to have been privileged to do, creating an impact against that little child's life. You have known perhaps some, oh, so sweet, person, who comes around when the child is old enough, she thinks, to understand —one of these lovely people you know,

so sweet and beautiful and Christian, so concerned about *your* business, so interested in what *you* are doing, comes around and breaks the news with that viciousness of a sadistic quality. They are sadists at heart. Anybody who wants deliberately to inflict cruelty on another by word or speech, is psychologically malformed and morally corrupt. If you take a delight in watching another suffer, you had better begin to examine yourself; there is something the matter with you. And yet there are people who, by word, and look, and voice, and at every opportunity, will try to hurt somebody else and enjoy it when they see them suffer. That is ignoble, and this kind of person is ignoble who will go and whisper to the child, as I know of a circumstance which happened within a month, where a person went to a child and said, "You know, they are not your parents; you were an illegitimate child. I am just telling you this for your own good." I don't know where hell is . . . there are a lot of people who think I am going there, but I don't think they are going to have anything to do about it, so I don't worry about that—I don't know where hell is or in which direction it is . . . you have heard about the preacher who gesticulated a great deal. He would announce the songs and say "When the roll is called up yonder (pointing upward) I'll be there" (ending by pointing downward), and he always used to do it. I don't know where hell it, but it does seem to me, just as a matter of observation, that way down in the deepest part of hell, in the hottest part where it gets 1500 degrees Fahrenheit hotter with every foot and 1800 million miles deep down, there the devil must have reserved a seat for the kind of people who tell other people such things "for their own good," because 90 times out of 100 they are doing it because it gives them sadistic pleasure to see them suffer, and helps nobody.

Now, do you know the most dangerous moment in the life of your boy? It is when you find your boy carrying a comb in his hip pocket; that is the beginning of his most dangerous moment. Something is happening to that lad of yours, a whole new world is being born and he is confused; he does not know what it is, cannot understand it. Energies bubble, he combs his hair without being asked, gets up in the morning and before he is on his way to school he fumbles the neckties in his drawer and wonders whether to wear the plaid one or the striped one, or this one, or that one; a world is being born in the life of that boy. And you women know what it is in the life of your girls. That is the hour when they need you more than they will ever need you again, and don't pass that moment over to your priest or your pastor, or rabbi or teacher. There is no other person, no other institution in the world can take your place in that hour: *THEY WANT YOU!* And you, fathers, find that boy again, and you, mothers, don't you dare get so busy in your war work and Red Cross work that you begin to use the excuse that "I haven't time." This is a problem that belongs to you. We are beginning to see, as never before, that many of them are the victims of this strange psychosis of abandonment. What kind of moral philosophy does a little-more-than-a-child have when little girls of fifteen years, two of them who were involved with eight men who wore uniforms, said: "We do what we are doing as our patriotic duty." They are called "Victory girls!" Something is wrong, and this is going to introduce a challenge and a problem.

Now, what is sin? Don't worry now, you are not going to get the old theological bombast. You can twist your dial anytime and hear that. The

air is full of it. They are shouting and hollering and yelling like Balaam's ass; you can hear it all over at anytime, yelling and ranting about the sins of people and of children. What is sin? I think sin is pretty largely *misdirected energy*. I think the kind of energy that makes a boy bad will make him good if you get hold of the energy and direct it into proper channels, and the same applies to girls, and the trouble is that there is not a favorable psychological, sociological and physiological environment for the direction of energy that is already set up. That is why the Northtown Kiwanis Club solved the question of putting soap on windows. The children started in the middle of October to soap windows for Hallowe'en pranks, and a great many people looked at them and said: "They have no training, no home life; we ought to box their ears." That's all right, but the Northtown folks said: "We are going to do something else. We are going to have soap insurance." They went to all the merchants in the community and said, "The youth of the public schools of this community are going to insure your windows against being soaped. It is their honor, and they are going to spend the money for this insurance at Christmastime for Christmas baskets." They organized every youngster and got up some cards which read: "This window is insured by the Youth Group against soaping," and put it in the merchant's window and it cost him a dollar or two, and this money went into a fund for Christmas baskets. That promise was enforced and not an inch of soap was drawn on those windows! That's the difference between boxing ears or giving him the responsibility of doing something with his energy! They did not soap a single window!

Up in Glencoe they organized the "Beggars' Group" among the children, and instead of ringing doorbells and saying: "Gimme a nickel or Ill throw a black cat through your dining room," and then scooting, and going through all that business of Hallowe'en, they put every child in a costume and then set aside one night and went around and rang every doorbell in that town, and they were given food, most of which was used later for the Christmas baskets for the poor, and the children were so delighted to do it that there was not a single Hallowe'en prank in that whole community that was destructive. They did the same thing in Milwaukee.

When the youngsters of this age group go out on the streets all they see up and down the streets these days are taverns. The modern tavern is worse than the old saloon ever was. At any rate, in an old saloon a man could choose what woman he drank with and these modern institutions that we have today are infinitely worse, and society is letting the whole administration get away from them. You have let it all out of your hands entirely. And when the youngsters in Milwaukee saw what was happening, they took it in their own hands and organized their own recreational centers and put in soft drinks and juke boxes and had a good time and an outlet for their energy, and decreased their juvenile delinquency by leaps and bounds.

What are *we* doing to face a problem that could be faced scientifically, without condemnation or anything else? I wish some man listening to me now would send me this week a check for $5,000.00. You want to do something with your money, someone in this congregation this morning? Doctor Frank W. Gunsaulus stood in his pulpit in Central Church one time and preached a million dollar sermon, for in the majesty of his fine presence and idealism, he lifted his hands to high heaven and said: "Someone give me a

million dollars and I will build an institution in the City of Chicago where the underprivileged young man, who does not have social status and money, will have an opportunity of studying in the scientific, technologic field and which will enable him to get scientific training with his brains and hands. I will build an Institute of Technology to help the poor and underprivileged." A man by the name of Philip D. Armour heard that sermon, and he went to his office, and Mr. Armour said: "I heard what you said; that you were ready to invest your time and talents against one million dollars to build a technological institute for the young men of the City of Chicago. I believe you meant what you said. Here is your one million dollars, and he handed Dr. Gunsaulus a check for one million dollars and the Armour Institute of Technology was born, now known as the great Illinois Institute of Technology, one of the finest and best and steadily becoming better, in the United States! We have criticized the courts, the churches, the youth, society, we have found fault with everybody and everything; now let's answer this problem of juvenile delinquency. Let me go into the heart of Uptown Chicago and I will open up a recreational center and have a place filled with young people, giving them fine music, soft drinks, juke boxes and light, where young people can congregate instead of going back to their room and staying there in the evening or going out on the streets and into darkly lighted taverns, while burning in their hearts is the yearning for normal things, wanting fellowship and friendship and rest, and recreation, something which they are entitled to! Someone give me $5,000.00! You might make an investment of that kind to carry through the winter, and we will have an experiment under the auspices of this Church right in the heart of Uptown Chicago where there are thousands and thousands of the delinquent age who will then have a chance. I believe that prevention is better than cure. There, I believe, you will find the energy and normal outlet for 99 per cent of these youths who are here in Uptown Chicago! I think there are more good people than bad people; more clean people than dirty people; more honest people than dishonest people; more fine people than wretched people; and within the heart of every child there is a spark of latent Godhead and if we can give the proper social environment of spiritual and cultural influences, that most children—except those who are organically defective or biologically deformed, which often can be overcome by surgery,—that 90% are normal, fine children. I hear the impetus of that fine spirit of the great Teacher who said: "Except ye become like one of these, ye shall not enter the kingdom."

I shall expect $5,000.00 this week!

CHANGE OF ADDRESS

Have you changed your address? The church office would greatly appreciate your cooperation in keeping its mailing list up to date. There are other changes, too, such as the change of name when a marriage occurs. Sometimes mail goes astray because Miss So-and-So presumes of course that the church office knows all about it when she marries and becomes Mrs. So-and-So and changes her address. Kindly cooperate and keep the record straight. Thank you!

May H. Harrison, Secretary, The Peoples Church,
941 Lawrence Ave., Chicago 40, Ill.

The Liberalist

FREEDOM—FELLOWSHIP—CHARACTER

PRESTON BRADLEY, LL.D., D.D. ..... Editor
GRACE THAYER BRADLEY ..... Associate Editor
MAY H. HARRISON ..... Business Manager

ONE DOLLAR AND FIFTY CENTS A YEAR—FIFTEEN CENTS PER COPY

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THE LIBERALIST—941 LAWRENCE AVE., CHICAGO 40, ILL.

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EDITORIAL

THE other day I met a dentist friend of mine, whom I have known for a great many years. We discussed many things and then finally the conversation, as do most conversations these days, drifted around to the war and the attitude of people in this country. He is a man of a scientific turn of mind, quite a philosopher and of a creative temperament. He is a specialist in extraction and he said to me, "I think you would be interested in the hallucinations which people give evidence of having as they come out from under the anesthetic." He said to me, "I have never known anything quite like it." I asked him what he meant, and he replied that people would evidence invariably how their sub-conscious minds had become saturated with the agony and tragedy of war and how their thinking and their experiences with war had implanted impressions in their inner consciousness, the worry over their boys and loved ones, the horror created from the many stories coming out of the war, and all of the various conditions and circumstances which influence and affect people.

His conversation started me off on a train of thought and this editorial is the result. Now there is no way, and indeed perhaps there ought not to be, in which any of us can dodge the impact of this war. It is before us every waking hour. It screams from the headlines; it booms from the radio; it is in the conversation at our tables, our firesides, and we live with it 24 hours a day. There is no possible way in which any of us can avoid this environment and this influence, and why should we? There are millions in the world who are suffering far more than we are and suffering in every conceivable way, and in many ways that have never touched us and never will. Whenever I hear an American say that we are being impoverished or we are being starved to feed some other nation or to help refugees or the little children of other lands, who weep when they see one apple and who are allowed one orange a month, as they are in Great Britain, I am amazed at the attitude of some of our own people who talk about what they are being deprived of.

What *are* we being deprived of, after all? And how severe is our suffering

because of deprivation? I get a little tired of this nagging, carping criticism by many people about how they are being treated, and how they are suffering in this country, and what we are doing for others all the time. I wish that for just one hour they could be in the midst of a bombed and starving city. To take a stroll down one city block in Warsaw, or to be one hour on the streets of Bengal or a few minutes in Rotterdam would settle their hash. Of course the war is with us, and of course there will be sacrifices and sorrow and heartache, but every one of us can develop a fortification against our own inner demoralization and can face right up to every situation and every condition, and be worthy of the greatness and dignity of American citizenship and American life.

I am proud of everything my country can do. I am proud of every sacrifice I am asked to make. When I see the wounded and the maimed and the crippled coming home and realize what the future is going to mean to them and to their loved ones, I am more resolved than ever before that anything I can do to win this war and keep it won, no matter what it costs me personally in comfort or money or any other thing, I am going to be willing to do. If we had more of this attitude throughout the nation and among the people, the war wouldn't last so long and many of the problems would not be as severe as they are.

There isn't a problem before the American people that cannot be solved, and there isn't a problem that will not be solved, and we do not have to lose our identity nor demolish the foundations of our republic to solve them. The same quality of intellect and muscle that made this nation, will, in our hour of need, preserve it, maintain it and keep it.

A LETTER FROM

The American Red Cross

Chicago Chapter
Blood Donor Service
5 No. Wabash Avenue, Chicago

September 28, 1943

Rev. Preston Bradley
941 West Lawrence
Chicago 40,
Illinois

Dear Rev. Bradley:

Your broadcast Sunday, September 26 again resulted in renewed interest in this most vital service of saving lives. We received many phone calls during the day for appointments. It is most gratifying to know that people will respond if they are but asked to help.

The Army and Navy has given the American Red Cross a quota of collecting four-million pints of blood during the year 1943. We have but three months to go to make this quota and are now lacking one and one-half million units. It shall require the help of many if we are to succeed, and succeed we will.

It was thought in the beginning of this Service that after it was fairly launched it would carry on of its own momentum; however, this was not the case and we now know, however vital the cause may be, it will not promote itself. Therefore, please accept my sincere thanks for lending your gift of appeal to this physical service of saving lives.

Sincerely yours,
Ralph A. Baier, Director,
BLOOD DONOR SERVICE.

Taken From Dr. Bradley's New Book "My Daily Strength"

Freedom On The March

If I were to look at this world today and were to feel that everything that is happening is futile, insignificant and will have to be done over again I should never spend one more ounce of my energy. I should say to this nation: "Open up the doors of Ft. Leavenworth, for from now on I am at enmity with the whole war procedure of the United States of America"!

That I should do, if I believed for one hour or one second that the age in which I live and preach, was not an age in which there is coming to a definite climax fundamental and aesthetic forces extant in the whole world—that this hour is unique from every other hour in human history.

This is a world war for the freedom of the peoples of the earth. Freedom is on the march!

Dear Heavenly Father, let no disintegrating thought, no faltering of purpose, stay my feet from their solemn endeavor to march forward with all Thy freedom-loving sons on this earth toward that high goal envisioned now for all mankind, where each and every one of Thy children may be free to reach the highest and best unfoldment of Thy plan for Thy sons and daughters.

LIBRARY IS NAMED FOR DR. BRADLEY

(Reprint from the Tower Weekly News, of Tower, St. Louis County, Minnesota)

"Dr. Preston Bradley Library" is the name selected by members of the City Council at their regular monthly meeting held Tuesday evening for the new City of Tower library, now in its infancy, and which will be thrown open to the public just as soon as shelving for the volumes has been installed.

It will be recalled Dr. Bradley went through his library last summer, both at his Chicago home and his island home on Lake Vermilion, and selected approximately one thousand volumes, which he presented as a gift to the citizens of Tower to commence a public library.

In looking over the room now used as council chambers and library, Dr. Bradley remarked: "By removing all the books you now have in this room and placing shelving on all four walls, you still would not have room to place all the books you eventually will have, for what I have presented to you now is but the first step of what is to follow."

Honoring Dr. Bradley for his generous gift and for the volumes he says will follow from time to time, the council Tuesday night decided to name the library the "Dr. Preston Bradley Library." Mayor Gunderson was authorized by members of the council to proceed with preparations for shelving the library and for issuance of the volumes to the reading public.

In addition to the volumes received from Dr. Bradley for the new city library, a large box of books were selected by C. E. Everett from his personal library in Hibbing and presented to the citizens of Tower to add to the Dr. Bradley collection.

BOOK CHATS

SINCE I started to write this article a flight of nine planes in "V" formation went roaring by my study windows. As I turned to look at them I thought of how every pilot in those planes would relish Thomas Collison's "This Winged World," published the latter part of October. It is an anthology of aviation fiction—the only book of its kind in all literature and one of the most fascinating, entertaining and interesting of books. It contains 36 carefully selected, wisely chosen, modern, classical stories, all having to do with aviation and flying.

The records in the pristine caves, in the hieroglyphics of the Egyptians, in the alphabet of the Phoenicians, in the characters of the Chinese and in the scrolls of the Hebrews, all bespeak the reverence of the ancients for wings. The desire to fly has been in the seeds of men, in the corpuscles and bones and marrow of the race. The surviving literature of the ancients, fragmentary as it is, reveals the belief that only the gods could fly.

The editor, himself an aviation writer, has given evidence in the selection, of what constitutes the perfect story. The book is for every boy who dreams of wings, every man who flies and every person who is stirred by the sight of an airplane. In the first part of the book occur two of the most lucid and symmetrical stories from the age of mythology in which the gods invaded the empire of the air with perfect aplomb. The book then continues with seven other chapters, which I shall name: "Dream of Wings," which has stories by Samuel Johnson, Edgar Alan Poe and H. G. Wells; then "Young Wings," in which there are stories by Sinclair Lewis and Wallace Irwin, Sir Arthur Conan Doyle; "War Wings," and "Working Wings," containing a very interesting story called "Sky Pilot" by Peter B. Kyne. The following chapter is "Wings of Adventure," the next "Mystical Wings," and the last "War Wings of the Air Age." Here for the first time is the story of man's conquest of the air as reflected in narrative literature, coming in this, the 40th anniversary of the Wright Brothers' flight at Kittyhawk. This, the only anthology of aviation fiction, embraces the history, struggle, adventure and triumph of the bird man as recorded by men skilled both in flying and story telling.

Mr. Collison says in his introduction: "The literature of the air is as casual as the men of the air. Less than a dozen aviation books, and these expository, personal experience accounts, have been given an enthusiastic reception in America. No writer has yet done for the sky and its realm what Joseph Conrad did for the sea, yet the airplane, an American invention, has been with us for 40 years."

Aviation was fathered by "doing" men, not talking men. But a Joseph Conrad of the air will come. Flight is both an art and a science, and the person who ignores either fact can neither fly nor write convincingly of flight. Aviation materials are ideal ingredients for the making of a robust literature, but they require the utmost skill and understanding in the handling. As a pioneer book in this field, we have this interesting, vital, intensely entertaining and instructive anthology of the best stories yet written in which

the airplanes and the men who fly them constitute the theme of the writers.

* * *

While on this subject of the air, I wish to take a glance at one of the important biographies of the season—a biography of a man who, since his death, is coming into the full stature of his importance and contribution, but who died of a broken heart. I refer to the interesting, inspiring and illuminating biography of "General Mitchell, Pioneer of Air Power," by Isaac Levine. No man in American life saw more clearly the trend of world events or spoke more frankly about them than did Billy Mitchell, and yet his words fell upon deaf ears. I wish every citizen of this country could read this biography.

In May, 1935, General Mitchell said to the veterans of the Fifth Division at Boston: "Straight across on the other side of the Pacific is the Empire of Japan, reaching out for world domination. They are not organized to dominate the whole of Asia, but to extend this domination to the whole world. The only thing that will deter them is armed force. Whenever the Japanese see a decadent military power near them they pounce on it if they have anything to gain. The Japanese consider us a decadent military power. They consider that on account of the riches we possess, the easy existence we have, and the false theories that have grown up among us as to national defense, that in a little while we will be as easy to attack as a large jelly-fish." Still earlier he wrote an article entitled "Suppose Japan Surprised Us." He said, "Japan is much more vulnerable than the United States, and we could attack her directly from Alaska, but if we do not organize our air forces to do so in case of trouble, Japan will have the jump on us and could pull off the greatest military surprise in history." All this went unheeded and resulted in widespread criticism and attack on General Mitchell, that reverberated throughout the nation.

He never lived to see his prophecies fulfilled, but through speeches and writings he kept up the fight until, exhausted and ill, he died on the 19th of February, 1936. Just before his death he told his wife: "Although I should like to be with the pilots and my comrades in Arlington, I feel that it is better for me to go back to Wisconsin, the home of my family." While the brass hats and the stuffed shirts of the period couldn't see how right General Mitchell was, subsequent events and daily happenings in the sky all over the world have vindicated him. He is beyond their petty bickerings, personal animosities and jealousies now, but what he did and was shall preserve him for all time as one of the most heroic, yonder-minded men the nation has ever known. This great biography will be an inspiration for every man in the service of his country, and every civilian could read it with value. The writer of this biography says in a concluding paragraph: "No commentator could have devised a more fitting epitaph for his monument than the following lines written 80 months later by the anonymous hand in the office of war information, that drew the report in October, 1942, on the nation's military and naval air craft. That report contained this sentence: "The country paid in blood and defeat for the determined blindness of its peaceful years."

* * *

I am choosing books for this article which are so recent as to be generally unfamiliar, and yet every selection is made because I believe the book to be of sufficient importance to merit your consideration. Just a few days before

writing these words "The Russian Enigma" was published. It is an interpretation, and the writer is William Henry Chamberlain, the distinguished foreign correspondent and student of Russia.

It is high time such a book as "The Russian Enigma" should be available. There has been far too little written on Russia which dealt plainly and definitely with the facts. Mr. Chamberlain has performed a splendid task in giving us this book. He has a background not of twelve days or twelve weeks in Russia and then returning home and writing a book, but he spent *twelve years* in Russia as a foreign correspondent for one of my favorite newspapers, the Christian Science Monitor. He is one of the most authentic observers among all of the very competent and uniformly good foreign correspondents at work in the world today.

Logically and with an attractive literary style, the author carries us from the earliest beginnings of Russia right up through all the revolutions and struggles and turmoil of the Russian people to this very hour. No student of Russia and no one who wants to know the facts about the situation today, ought to deny himself this book. His discussion is analytical, without prejudice, and he is the true observer, seeking for the truth without introducing his own individual theories or philosophies into the picture.

In the concluding chapters which are the most significant and important perhaps of all, Mr. Chamberlain discusses Russia's present foreign policy and her probable future position in international affairs. This clear and interesting account should be read by everyone who wishes to be well informed about the world we live in. No matter how you regard our future national relationship with Russia, how enthusiastic or skeptical you might be about that relationship, before you become dogmatic in your opinion you ought to know this book. Obviously, even though the book was published a few days ago, Mr. Chamberlain had no knowledge of what would happen in the recent Russian conference, but nothing which he has written is set aside or invalidated by the Moscow conference. The one thing upon which all thoughtful people agree is, that the importance of Russia's role in the post-war world cannot be over-estimated.

* * *

On the fourth page of this issue of "The Liberalist" you will find the list of books to be reviewed on our December Wednesday evenings.

P. B.

The *RADIO* MAIL BAG

By GRACE THAYER BRADLEY

"WHEN Christmas comes"—I believe can be said to be a universal expression used the world around (in Christian countries) by all ages—from early childhood on through the years—an expression of promise—of hope—of fulfillment—"When Christmas comes."

As children we believed that our most cherished wishes, our fondest dreams, would be realized "When Christmas comes!" And so they were, if your parents and doting Grandmothers and adoring Aunts and Uncles could manage it! And how we all looked forward to certain cakes and candies and all kinds of goodies that were different at Christmas, specially made and not attainable at any other time of year. I well remember my delight in a clear red and lemon colored hard candy made in the form of animals and birds, or white mice, rabbits, little snow men and "angels" of a creamy peppermint candy, coated with a sugary substance hard enough to keep their form. I wonder what happened that we never see these any more at holiday time? Perhaps the up-to-date candy makers look frowningly upon those sweets dearly loved by children of yesteryear!

It is not alone the childhood years which look to Christmas for realization of their dreams—not at all. Most of us have our secret "wishes" for this or that which is a bit out of reach at ordinary times, but we think hopefully "maybe 'he' will get it for me at Christmas"—or plans of various sorts we have thought of all through the year—things we truly want to do, to have, to see, to get—somehow we manage, we make the extra effort—we make our own wishes come true—when Christmas comes! The Christmas urge in our hearts is a powerful force—I wonder why we don't keep the fire burning the rest of the year and not kindle it just for Christmas? I mean, when it comes to thinking up nice things to do for others—being considerate, kind, thoughtful, withholding the sharp retort and the fault-finding—wearing a smile instead of a "grouch"—writing the letter—sending the message—oh, it isn't a present that counts half as much as the attitude!

There will be many homes lonely and sad at Christmas—homes where breaking hearts feel no Christmas cheer can burn. Wouldn't it be a lovely thing for people under such conditions to do something kind for an old person (or persons) who is lonely too and has nothing but the memories of the years: —a little surprise package of cookies—or candy—the sacrifice of sugar will be more than compensated by the joy given! When rising out of your own sorrow you can, by small, kindly acts make someone else happy or cheered by being remembered—your grief will lessen till it softens like snow in the sunshine and you find yourself warmed and healed of suffering, in the spiritual glow of Christmas!

The boys, thousands upon thousands of them—under all kinds of circumstances, will be thinking of home and Christmas of happier days, and I am certain of this: Every one of them will express the thought, hold the faith and breathe the prayer, that it will all be different *when next Christmas comes!* Three cheers for every blessed one of them—and God bless them!

* * *

Now for our Mail Bag. From Hastings, Nebraska, a Mr. Kipp writes a very friendly letter of real appreciation for the morning broadcasts Dr. Bradley gave all during the summer months. I believe Nebraska folks are pretty nice, we have received so many fine letters from that state. Here is the one from Hastings:

"Since we no longer hear you over the radio every morning, it seems like the 'lights have gone out.' You had a very wide following in this vicinity who found in your 'words,' invaluable help in our daily lives, armed as we were by a clearer understanding of what it's all about.

"We called at WOW studio while

recently in Omaha, visited booksellers at Omaha and Lincoln, with a view of securing your book 'Life and You.' We were advised of course by WOW that all orders were forwarded to you. The book stores said they had the book 'on order.'

"At any rate you speak our language. We like your references to Emerson and other great minds. Your religious views—sound Unitarian. So—we want to again tell you how much we appreciate you, and ask that you forward to us 'Life and You,' and such other of your publications that you think would be helpful to us.

"Please mail, charges collect, or if you will advise price, will forward to you."

* * *

And now we come into Iowa for the next letter. Mrs. J. E. Campbell of Des Moines is inspired and thankful to have made Dr. Bradley's acquaintance via radio, and intends to meet him in person some day. I am sure it would be a pleasure to meet the writer of so charming a letter:

"This is just one of the thousands of letters you receive, but nevertheless, as I sit here (at the office) looking at your picture and reading your book 'Life and You,' I cannot refrain from expressing my appreciation for the great inspiration you have given me.

"I shall always be thankful that I heard your voice, because as I read what you have written, I hear you speaking every word—just as you spoke on the radio. Lately I have missed you from WHO at the regular time, and am wondering whether or not you will be speaking over some other station.

"You look different than I had pictured you, for I had thought you would be older. You can't be over forty-five. How could you acquire so much knowledge, so much philosophy so young! I understand you are the pastor of the People's Church in Chicago. I have never heard of this church but if I ever get to Chicago, I shall visit your church and hear you preach if it's the only accomplishment on the trip.

"Wish I knew more about you, how you got started toward your goal. It is hard to believe that you were in Chicago without any friends and only a very little money in your pocket; because I imagined that you were born with a silver spoon in your mouth and were given every opportunity in life.

"I have a list of your books but can't decide which one might contain the story of your life—which I want. But I intend to meet your eventually. You are helping so many people in so many different ways, I wish for you a long and even more abundant life. And I do hope you will continue on the radio. Thanks again, Dr. Bradley.

"P.S. I belong to the Congregational Church and am a former Y.W.C.A. secretary; quit school at age 13, but had a vision and followed it. Met my husband through my Y.W.C.A. work. He is a Des Moines business man."

* * *

A former publisher of the "Teddy" Roosevelt era writes from Joliet, Ill., to say how much he is helped and enheartened by Dr. Bradley's broadcasts and Sunday sermons. Dr. Bradley appreciates these letters very deeply—and all the letters he receives—and no matter how tired he is or how heavy his week, he is encouraged and inspired when he hears he has been helpful. Here is Mr. William A. Baldwin's letter:—

"We have listened to your broadcasts and at times have sat in when one of your lecture engagements brought you to within hailing distance of Joliet. We always arise after listening, with revived spirits. Your defense of elderly

people at the Englewood Church was superb. It brought back memories of the Theodore Roosevelt campaign.

"As a newspaper man I was associated in the publication of the old Joliet News that was closed up after Teddy's exit. Our paper was bought out by Colonel Ira C. Copley. There must have been hundreds of other publications meeting the same fate in the three years following the historic campaign of 1912. Copley has more than $17,000,000 invested in Illinois and California.

"There have been few voices through the years that have continued to express a liberal view, consequently your talks and sermons have been in a class by themselves. They have helped us to keep the faith. It is such a wonderful gift to be able to tie in religion with everyday expression, and make the young feel that there is something in it, something like a rare opportunity to work, something worthwhile in between Sundays.

"Your sermons and talks before groups, along with editorials from the New Republic have helped me to keep abreast of the times—no false notes in either. When I quit the newspaper field on my own motion, with the feeling that publication of a daily newspaper had largely developed into a racket, I had no idea of attempting to reach the public, but it happens that we have a little weekly paper here that carries a free speech column. It is the only one in this county that will permit anybody to write counter to the views of the publisher. I refer to the Spectator.

"Wife and I both send you our best. You must remember that when you receive a letter like this, there may be hundreds of others, or rather thousands, who will get your light but perhaps not take the time to tell you what you are doing for them. It is perhaps human nature.

"I have a feeling that when the world war is over there will be another upsurge such as we experienced 30 years ago, and when that time comes Preston Bradley will be riding on the crest of the wave, keeping alive the deep religious impulse so necessary if the movement is to live as a service to the common man. Again thanking you, I am with much gratitude."

* * *

In closing the Mail Bag, I pause to extend my personal Greetings and express the sincere hope that the Star of old may send its rays of friendly cheer, of strengthened faith, of quiet happiness and blessed Peace into your hearts and homes at Christmas and on through the year! Be sure to write AND—KEEP—ON—THE—BEAM!

Dr. Bradley's Engagements

October 15th to November 15th

OCTOBER

15—Radio Address.
Address. P. T. A. Hawthorne School. Villa Park, Illinois.

17—Sunday morning service. Peoples Church.
Sunday evening address, Methodist Church, Oregon, Illinois.

18—Attendance Evans Fur Co. Autographing Books.
Address. Morgan Park Woman's Club.
Radio Address.

19—Address. Borrowed Time Club, Evanston, Illinois.
Address. North Shore Maternity Center, Orrington Hotel, Evanston, Illinois.
Radio Address. WGN

Address. Thoburn M. E. Church. "For the Aged."

20—Address. Natl. Engineering Co. "E" Award.
Radio Address. WGN
Address. Ravenswood Congregational Church.

21—Church Conference.
Cut Radio Record.
Radio Address.
Address. Friends of Literature Dinner, Chicago Bar Assoc.

22—Address. Teachers' Institute, Marion, Illinois.
Address. Teachers' Institute. Benton, Illinois.
Radio Address (by transcription).

23—Service at Ravenswood Congregational Church. Antioch Rites.

24—Sunday morning service. Peoples Church.

25—Radio Address. WGN
Address. Opening Meeting Men's Club, Channing Hall.

26—Address. Kiwanis Club. Edgewater Beach Hotel.
Radio Address.
Address. Austin Baptist Church.

27—Luncheon conference re Juvenile Delinquency.
Address. Dedication of Flying Ambulance in memory Amelia Earhardt. Congress Plaza—Grant Park.
Radio Address.
Address. Educational Council "Human Adventure" Picture.

28—Radio Address.
Address. Medinah Club.

29—Radio Address.
Address. Masonic Temple, South Bend, Indiana.

31—Sunday Morning Service Peoples Church.

NOVEMBER

1—Ill. Fed. of Women's Clubs. Address. Hotel Sherman.
Address. Hyde Park Jewish Men's Club. Windemere East Hotel.
Radio Address. WGN

2—Address. Daughters of Rénaissance Mem. Address for M. M. Mangasarian.
Radio Address. WGN.

3—Radio Address. WGN
Opening Book Lecture. Peoples Church.

4—Radio Address. WGN

5—Radio Address. WGN
Address. PTA, Scammon School.

7—Two Services. Peoples Church.

8—Address. Woman's Club, Channing Hall. Peoples Church.
Radio Address. WGN

9—Radio Address. WGN
Address. Sheridan Park, Neighborhood Club, Ravenswood Masonic Temple.

10—Radio Address. WGN
Book Lecture. Peoples Church.

11—Radio Address. WGN
Address. Armistice Ceremonies, High School, Crystal Lake, Illinois.

12—Cutting record. WGN
Radio Address. WGN
Address. N. S. Animal Shelter, Ravenswood Masonic Temple.

14—Two Services. Peoples Church.

Christenings

OCTOBER

17—David Marshall Lawrance, son of Mr. and Mrs. Herbert Lawrance
Gloria Joan Rosenow, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Edward Rosenow

24—June Teresa Nechrony, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Daniel Nechrony
Sharon Sue Swenson, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. George Edward Swenson

24—Margaret June Wolf, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Otto Wolf

31—Ronald Michael Corbin, son of Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Corbin

NOVEMBER

5—Gail Kathleen Pfaff, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Henry D. Pfaff
7—Walter Robert Martin Olsen, son of Mr. and Mrs. Walter Olsen
14—Joseph Charles Dallaire, son of Mr. and Mrs. Robert John Dallaire

Weddings

OCTOBER

15—Cyril A. Hamilton and Vesta Ellen Corzine
19—Robert M. Armour and Blanche Maxwell
21—William T. Hager and Helen F. Kidd
23—Edwin M. Dickelman and Geneva L. Brown
28—Thomas Harry Lear and Carolyn Wolford
30—C. M. Bercaw and Mrs. Leila L. Rust

NOVEMBER

1—Benjamin Jaffee and Wanda Heverly
5—Monroe Bowman and Louise Kohnmann
6—Arthur A. Levy and Alice Lowrey
Edwin Trush and Frances Fencl
Harold S. Dodge and Alice Knutson
13—Edward Koenig and Carol Chaboy
Major Prentiss Andrews and Mrs. Genevieve Lane
14—John W. Norris and Georgia Burnette Beam

Funerals

OCTOBER

15—Charles L. Stubbs
20—William M. Cooke
23—Mrs. Olive Fox
25—Mrs. Henrietta Powderly
28—Mrs. Adeline Fremmel
29—Idia Dern

NOVEMBER

1—Donald M. Carter
Olaf Ray
2—Mangasarian Memorial Service
3—Ludwig Haitz
Mrs. Frank Granger Logan
6—Charlotte M. Engwall
Roos Ray
9—Herbert G. Reynolds
12—Anna Williams
13—Edward Boyden
Clifton R. Hunn

SPECIAL ANNOUNCEMENT

EMIL LUDWIG

To Speak At The Peoples Church Sunday Night, January 16th, 1944

Great Biographer and Novelist to Speak on

"HOW TO TREAT THE GERMANS AFTER DEFEAT"

His biographies include: Goethe—Son of man—Napoleon—Bolivar—Lincoln—Roosevelt—Cleopatra—Bismarck—William II—Hindenburg—Schliemann—Gifts of Life—Three Portraits—Genius and Character—Nine Etched from Life—Stalin.

Also: Diana, novel—Quartet, novel—July '14 Talks With Masaryk—Talks with Mussolini—Bismarck, a play—Versailles, a play—The Germans—The Nile—The Mediterranean.

Mark your calendar now. Do not miss this event.

AN APPROPRIATE GIFT

WE can think of no finer Christmas gift for a friend, a relative or a neighbor, than one which will remind them of your love every month in the year.

Our Liberalist is such a gift. We are trying to make this a most vital and inspiring church magazine. Every number contains a sermon by Dr. Bradley and special articles of interest and inspiration. All of the activities of the Church are emphasized. Every month there is an interesting department which Dr. Bradley writes, called "Book Chats." There are also editorials, stories and articles, Book Reviews, and one of the most interesting features is the Radio Mail Bag in which Mrs. Bradley every month gleans from the heavy radio mail inspiring comments to pass on to readers.

If you desire to send this magazine to a friend and will send $1.50 to Mrs. Thomas A. Harrison, Subscription Manager, Peoples Church, 941 Lawrence Avenue, we will send a Card announcing your gift. The magazine is now in its twentieth year of publication, and goes all over the United States and to many foreign lands. Why not send your $1.50 today? It will come regularly every month. No one connected with the publication receives any compensation and all funds above the cost of production go directly to the Treasury of the Peoples Church to help our financial problem. Please subscribe.

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THE UPTOWN PLAYERS CENTER OF ALLIED ARTS

J. Bradley-Griffin, Director

1219 N. LaSalle Street **Whitehall 5257**

DECEMBER PRODUCTIONS AND SCHEDULE

Friday and Saturday evenings.....*"Shadows Fall Early"*
Monday and Wednesday evenings.....*"Port of Chicago"*
New Year's Eve.....*"One Flight Down"*

Friday, December 3rd.....*"Shadows Fall Early"*
By John Graham
Saturday, December 4th.....*"Shadows Fall Early"*
Monday, December 6th.....*"Port of Chicago"*
By Herma Clark and Alice Gerstenberg
Wednesday, December 8th.....*"Port of Chicago"*
Friday, December 10th.....*"Shadows Fall Early"*
Saturday, December 11th.....*"Shadows Fall Early"*
Monday, December 13th.....*"Port of Chicago"*
Wednesday, December 15th.....*"Port of Chicago"*
Friday, December 17th.....*"Shadows Fall Early"*
Saturday, December 18th.....*"Shadows Fall Early"*

The above productions to be given at the

UPTOWN PLAYERS CENTER OF ALLIED ARTS

1219 N. LaSalle St.,

Curtain, 8:30 p.m.—Tickets, 55c

* * *

Sunday, December 19th—"The Christmas Window".....7:30 p.m.
By Mary Conan and Margaret Cashman
Monday, December 20th—"The Christmas Window".....8:00 p.m.
Tuesday, December 21st—"The Christmas Window".....8:00 p.m.

The above three productions to be given at the Candle Light Service in the auditorium of

The Peoples Church of Chicago, 941 Lawrence Ave.
No admission charge. Everyone invited.

* * *

New Year's Eve—December 31st, 1943.....*"One Flight Down"*
By Eric Stroom and Arthur Hammerstein

(After the New Year's Eve Production, the audience will be invited One Flight Down to the opening of "The Blue Room.")

New Year's Day—January 1st, 1944.....*"One Flight Down"*
For the "One Flight Down" production, the players return to their own theatre at The Center.
Curtain, 8:30 p.m.—Tickets, 55c

Honor Roll

Arthur J. Williams
Harold E. Hansen
John L. Freitag
George Freitag
Cpl. Howard Wentz
Lt. Kurt Proud
Kurt Meyer
George Formanek, Jr.
Lloyd Blue, Jr.
Howard Carlseen
Clinton R. Sipe
Dr. Henry C. Johannes
Edward W. Nonnenbruch
Wm. Robert DeWees
Harold Ingersoll
**Henry J. Tinling
Yale W. Rowley
Wendel Estal
Winslow Heg
Capt. Herbert Bluhm
Ben C. Bluhm
Douglas L. Palo
Capt. James H. Meyer
Robert H. Meyer
Lester G. Riley
Sgt. William F. Hobbs
Duane Terry
Frank G. Christ
Richard P. Strand
Norman P. Anderson
Arthur E. Toepfer
Robert Murphy
Robert Olson
Frans Eronson
Forrest A. Oldenburg
James Code
Henry Willeumier
Robert John Wendland
Sgt. William V. Myers
**Alfred Taylor
Robert E. Gill
George John Smith
Hans Kramer
Howard C. Nelson
Howard Berhalter
Charles Boaz
William Schroeder
Charles Walska
James Schneller
Jacob Estes Replogle
Harry S. Gray
William Berglund

George E. Kruskopf
William J. Wenger
Walter Moran
Jay Merrick
Corp. Charles Fuss
Robert Plumley
*Charles C. Crane
Robert Baumann
E. Kokoefer
Donald J. Norris
Robert L. Hangel
Elwood E. Kiltz
Lt. Carroll D. York
Mary Louise Sweet
Leslie J. Walker
Robert Hannum
J. C. LaPointe
Arthur J. Kredler, Jr.
Robert K. Schnorr
Rudolph E. Salamon
LeRoy Adams
Franklyn Adams
L. C. Rowley
Robert J. Hansen
Clyde F. Bower
Edward P. Brosious
Donald W. Brosious
Tom Henderson
J. Bryant Shoberg
Daniel Arthur Needham
Arthur Quesnall
David Ettelson
George Felch
Virgil Drew Widener
G. Andrey
William Henderson
William H. Parlette
Capt. Andrew Haban
John H. Hagen
Lawrence Johnson
Cpl. James Kosner
William James Walters
Wayne P. Blue
Martin Sauser
William Sauser
Florence M. Moore
Edward Paschal
Robert Weeger
Ruth Leffler
Harry G. Nelson
George G. Eddy, Jr.
Tommy Bartlett

William James Walters
Elmer M. Wiederer
Marie Tilles
Robert H. Wiggins
Robert L. Eldred
Charles Paige
Stephanie M. Kratovil
Harry DuMont
Sgt. Clee S. Post
Lt. Fred H. Kreutzer
Tom Lee Woods
Stf. Sgt. Geo. F. Arms
Raymond Mostek
Robert E. Poquette
Walter Scott Sexton
Sgt. Roy O. Lawson
Gerhard Wegner
Andrew C. Wilson
Bruce W. Vespermann
Carl W. Voigtritter
Philip R. Strand
Capt. Donald Yous
Richard Miller
James W. Buchanan
Jean Thompson
2nd Lt. Pauline M. Plummer, R. N.
Marvin I. Edelhart
Frank M. Shurman
Betty Best Hurley
Robert Wood, Jr.
Thomas Wood, Jr.
John Hendrich
Rudolph Lichtenebert
Charles Wesche, Jr.
Orville Wesche
Winifred Klippel
Jim Phillips
Sgt. William R. Hurley
Robert C. Stippe
June Blair Lauletta
Fred H. Goetz, Jr.
Stanley Kredler
R. B. Byron
Henry Pfaff, Jr.
James R. Victorin
Daniel Jack Woods
Sidney Weinberg
Mark Alan Miles
Cpl. Harold W. Hoots
Carl Leonard Fishman

*Killed in action. **Reported missing at sea.

Church Activities

✦ ✦ ✦

SUNDAY MORNING SERVICE—Broadcast by WJJD.....11:00 o'clock

SUNDAY EVENING SERVICE—Not Broadcast..... 7:30 o'clock

JUNIOR CHURCH and CHURCH SCHOOL OF RELIGIOUS EDUCATION, Sunday morning..... 9:30 o'clock

DR. BRADLEY'S DAILY BROADCASTS—Every night, Monday through Friday..... 6:00 o'clock

WEDNESDAY EVENING BOOK LECTURES—Church auditorium ..... 8:00 o'clock
Dec. 1—"See What I Mean?" Dec. 8—"Liberal Education." Dec. 15—"Journey in the Dark." Dec. 22—Lecture-Recital, "Christmas Carol." Dec. 29—"None But the Lonely Heart."

CHOIR REHEARSALS—Every Thursday evening, Church auditorium ..... 8:00 o'clock

RED CROSS UNIT—Every Thursday in Channing Hall 9:30 to 4:00 o'clock

WOMAN'S CLUB—Thursday and Friday, Dec. 2nd and 3rd—Annual Church Bazaar—Channing Hall—Luncheon 11:30-12:30, Dinner 5:30 to 8:00. Bazaar opened and closed by Dr. Preston Bradley. Monday, Dec. 13th, 1:00 p.m.—Bazaar Reports; Technicolor Film of Camp Algonquin. Speaker, Mrs. Astrid Save; Christmas Party, Mrs. George Bassler, Chairman. Singing of Carols.

PROFESSIONAL AND BUSINESS WOMAN'S CLUB—Thursday and Friday, Dec. 2nd and 3rd—Annual Church Bazaar. Monday, Dec. 13th, 8:00 p.m.—Mr. and Mrs. Clyde Bassler, "An Evening of Poetry and Music." Mrs. Alice Pearson, Chairman.

MEN'S CLUB—Fourth Monday night of each month, Channing Hall..... 8:00 o'clock

USHERS' CLUB—Every second Thursday night of the month 8:00 o'clock

YOUNG PEOPLE'S CLUB: Program to be announced.

THE UPTOWN PLAYERS—J. Bradley Griffin, Director. See special schedule page 22 of this issue. The Uptown Players Center, 1219 N. LaSalle St., Whitehall 5257.

(For schedule of Christmas activities of the church see page 3 of this issue.)

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